

We have sometimes four changes of weather in two hours, that is to say all four seasons of the year represented in two hours of time.

The ward organizations are in a pretty fair condition all things considered. The organizations are all complete as far as I am able to judge.

The civil government class that was organized here last fall is making rapid headway, and it does one good to see how young Utah take hold in these studies of parliamentary rules and tactics as well as the study of civil government. This class has got up a mock trial which is to take place a week from next Wednesday. This will afford quite a sensation to the public, as it will be a public affair, and the young man now in the toils (?) fancies seeing himself serving the penalty of his crime, if the twelve jury men find him guilty.

The Democrats of this precinct will reorganize and commence work anew in a very few days. They will employ local speakers, and they will speak in the interest of democracy. D. S. Cook is one of the county organization's vice presidents and will take the matter of organizing the club in hand.

Times are hard here. V. EMIL.

### A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

**HENNEFER, Utah, March 18th, 1894**—A very sad accident occurred near this quiet little town about 5 o'clock this afternoon. Many of the people of this ward had been to Echo to attend the funeral services of Bishop Elias Asper and after the services a number of our young people concluded to walk back on the U. P. railway track. All went well with them until they were within about a mile of home, when they met a freight train and of course all stepped aside to allow the train to pass. But before the train had passed, David Beard, a son of Stephen Beard, playfully attempted to board the cars and in doing so was thrown under the wheels, three of which passed over the lower part of his body, almost severing his legs from his body, and frightfully crushing his bones; his left hand was also taken off.

His companions screamed for help, and as soon as the train men knew what had happened, they stopped and assisted to pick up the mangled form. The train was backed to the Hennefer crossing, where help was at hand, and the poor boy was conveyed home to a grief-stricken father and mother. He was made as comfortable as loving hands could make him, and Dr. Hasmer, of Coalville, was immediately sent for, who, on examination, could give no hopes of his recovery. About 10 o'clock death came and relieved the victim of his pain.

David was 19 years old the 4th day of the present month. He was an active member of the ward, and beloved by all who knew him. This is the second son Brother and Sister Beard have lost in a similar way. The sad affair has cast a gloom over our entire community.

JOHN PASKETT.

The San Francisco *Oak* advocates the wholesale expulsion from college of students who destroy property and lives in the efforts to have "a real jolly time."

### MODERN AARONS.

Among the supporters of Brigham Young, first and foremost was Heber C. Kimball. He came up with the Pioneers, went back to the Missouri river again the same year with President Young. He brought a company out the following year. Heber C., was born in Vermont, where they got up in the morning to help the sun up; hence he became an early riser in youth, and followed it up all his life. He was an eccentric man, full of character, vim and determination. He was a veritable Jonathan in looks, as well as character. When he put his hands in his pocket and stood over you with those black hazel eyes centered on you, it seemed as though he was looking through you. In his speaking he could and would go from the sublime to the ridiculous oftener than any other man that I have ever seen or heard. He loved President Young and the people most dearly. To labor with his hands and heart was his delight. He was to President Young and the people an Aaron in every particular, except the building of a golden calf. Privations and dangers were a matter of course with him. He delighted in law and order, and was easily annoyed with anything approaching hypocrisy. Coming up from the States it was his rule to have prayers evening and morning. One morning breakfast was ready; a drizzling rain had just commenced; every body was in a hurry. He called on a man to lead in prayer who was noted for his long-winded prayers. The rain pelted down. The man prayed on, oblivious to all things earthly. When he did stop, Heber straightened up, and, pointing his finger at the man, he said: "You will not pray any more for us between here and Zion," neither did he.

It was his delight to see young people marrying. He would say: "Get married, you young people, and do your courting afterwards; get married, and get your homes afterwards. The money you would spend on clothing and buggy riding to please the young lady will go far towards fitting out a home." He was a true woman's rights man. He knew that it was a woman's place to be a helpmeet, and not a help-me-eat. If the human family would continue to court after marriage what misery could be averted! What happiness would there be instead!

His preaching was logical, forcible and practical. He was earnest and honest in his dealings with his fellow-man. A great counselor, and a great stay to President Young was he—they worked to the same end, the upbuilding of the Lord's work on the earth. I have traveled with them many a time through the Territory and can say with truth that I never heard an unkind word from either to the other.

When Heber C. Kimball prophesied, which he did once in a while, it was pretty sure to come true. In the first few years here the people were short of clothing and groceries. In the little bowery at one Sunday's meeting, he predicted that all these things would be plenty if the people would continue to serve the Lord. They did not have long to wait before the California gold emigrants came along, with plenty of everything to trade for vegetables. The fine horses and cattle that had got poor were traded for fat, and smaller horses or

cattle to go on with. The poor horses soon getting fat were sent on to California and sold for a good price, the California small horse was purchased for \$15 or \$20 per head by the drove, and brought back and traded again for other stock. This was the half-way trading post for the emigrants for the west. Carding machines and looms were brought from the states and woolen goods made for use. He built a grist mill in the mouth of City Creek where one now stands. He encouraged home manufacturing in every department. In politics he was a Democrat and believed in the most good to the masses. I am proud to know that his sons and grandsons follow in his foot steps. When that monument will be built to President Young and the Pioneers, may his descendants see that he has a niche there, where his name will be engraven. May his name live, as it did, in the hearts of the people!

JEDEDIAH M. GRANT,

who took Dr. Richards's place as second counselor, was a man that knew no fear—a western man in heart, manners and customs. He was elected the first mayor of Salt Lake City. Under his administration the sage and oak brush were cut out of the streets. He served many years in that office without pay or emoluments—there was nothing in the treasury. One of the first ordinances passed was that there should not be any hog pens maintained over or near any ditch. The marshal, who was J. C. Little, was authorized to notify the owners to move all such to some other place. When he notified President Young that he must move his, Brigham asked him by whose authority? Little replied: "By the Mayor's and City Council's." "Well," said President Young, "if the mayor wants mine moved let him move it." Little went to Grant's house and told him what had been said. Mayor Grant had just sat down to breakfast when he was told the reply. He arose and went up to the hog pen and kicked the logs all around, turned the hogs all out—went back and finished his meal. After breakfast he went up to President Young's office, as he was wont to do. President Young greeted him, "Are you satisfied?" "Yes, I am; you must obey the law as well as other people do." President Young had only sent him this word to try him, and he thought more of the mayor than he ever did before.

Jedediah Morgan Grant was a power in the land. He was a great preacher. He could hold his audience spellbound; a man that had clear convictions, and was never afraid to let his convictions be known.

He organized a train of one hundred wagons and followed the Pioneers. He traveled them in two companies near together, so they could protect one another against the Indians, he traveling first with one company then with the other. A little incident happened on the way which showed the man in him. There was a boy in the train by the name of George Bean, (now Col. Bean of Richfield) who had two yoke of cattle that he thought much of. He drove behind a lazy man who would go to sleep, and they would be late getting into camp at night. One day the boy left the man behind by driving around him. When the man caught up he wanted his place, which the boy was unwilling to give up. The former went to